

The Fisherman's DAUGHTER.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I.

SIR Thomas the Wealthy that lived in Kent
Five thousand a year received in rent,
A plentiful fortune it is, I declare,
He had none to enjoy it but one son and heir,
You parents and lovers, do now attend.
Unto this relation, which now I have penn'd.
It is of a squire whom I do write,
And a fisherman's daughter, who was so bright.
Most virtuous and witty in each one's view,
Her fame thro' the neighbouring village flew.
Altho' but a fisherman's daughter by birth,
Yet she was the most beautiful creature on earth.
Both farmers and trademen came to her at first
For she was courted by none of the worst;
Her beauty grew brighter and brighter still more.
All persons that view'd her her charms did adore.
Her landlord's son heard of the same,
Unto this beautiful damsel he came.
Who when he beheld he was forced to start.
Young Cupid wounded and pierc'd his heart.
At length he broke silence, and to her he said,
Thou beautiful, virtuous, and charming maid,
Grant me a soft glance from thy beautiful eyes,
To cure this wound that is given by surprize.
This maiden she stood as one struck dumb
And to the squire, she spoke the same.
She modestly spoke to him, and thus she said,
Forbear, young squire, to wrong a maid,
Thee's handsome ladies of honour and fame,
That's fit for thy grandeur, birth, and fame
But I, a maiden so mean upon earth.
No more than a fisherman's daughter by birth
Besides if our landlord your father did hear,
To my aged parents he'd be so severe?
By reason we owe him a great deal of rent.
Therefore, noble squire, be content.
Contented! contented! no that cannot be,
I am wounded, I am wounded, sweet love, for thee
Receive my petition, vouchsafe to compleat,
Or by this rarer I must die at thy feet,
Let not thy poor parents grieve thee, my dear,
Here's fifty broad pieces to banish thy fear.
Therefore let my charmer rest in content,
Go pay my father your landlord his rent,
Her father and mother seeing him there,
Said to him, Squire, oh! squire forbear.

And do not our innocent daughter delude.
No, no, said the squire I'll not be so rude.
The charms of your child have conquer'd my heart
And Cupid has wounded me with his keen dart.
So your daughter's the pride of your life,
There's none in the world but she'll be my wife.
No, no, said her father, that never can be.
No, no, said her mother, your noble degree
And her's is not equal, therefore forbear.
She is but a mean girl, and you a rich squire.
Besides, said her father, with a faint voice,
I wonder you should be so low in your choice.
Besides, said her mother, you have thousands we know
And we have no fortune on her to bestow.
Alas! said the squire, I lack no such stuff,
The features of Sarah is portion enough
Then give me the love I so much do adore?
Oh! give me the love, I desire no more.

PART II.

BUT now if our landlord, your father, hear,
Perhaps he to you will be sharp and severe.
And may be disinherit you too after all.
Then you and the child may be ruin'd and all.
Let him do his pleasure, I needs must confess,
Yet I have five hundred a year ne'er the less.
So that I hope we shall love each other.
I'll value no frowns of a father and mother.
And if that five hundred a year will not do,
To maintain my jewel, your wife and you,
I will go a fishing, or something beside,
For to maintain you and my loving bride.
I'd give my consent you shall wed her straight:
But all your relations are noble and great,
They'll reject a damsel sprung up from a clown,
Thus will my poor innocent child be undone.
And thus while the glory and joy of our life,
Be scorn'd with derision malice, and strife.
If I can assist her, this promise I give,
My sword shall protect her as long as I live.
My friends shall respect her in every degree,
And those that will not, shall not love me.
If I think her worthy to lie by my side,
There's none shall afflict her, dear father, he cry'd,
But here is another thing in my mind,
When once our landlord, your father, shall find
That you love our daughter, he'll give consent
To throw our family out for the rent.

And then we are ruin'd for our fishing trade.
The squire laughed, and thus to him said,
O father, me thinks there's a million of fears.
But be of good courage, and never fear.

While I have a guinea you shall have part,
There's one, dear father, have a good heart,
If he turns you out I'll soon take you in,
When the true love of your daughter I win.

Dear daughter, you must be a lady, I find
The squire has been most unspeakable kind.
Therefore, dear daughter, be free to comply:
Yes father, she said, and straight did cry.

But now comes her trouble, sorrow, and woe,
The fisherman's wife to a feasting did go.
Where nappy liquor went merrily round.
Some talk'd of the squire, and thus they begun.

Now, neighbour, said she, since we are merry,
The squire comes a-courting to our Sarah;
This news was brought to Sir Thomas straightway,
Who sent for his son without more delay.

His father said, when before him he came,
What are there no laides of honour and fame,
But you must have one of the billingsgate crew;
Indeed I'll disinherit you, son, if you do.

What will you discredit your family so
In taking a wife you know not from who;
A fisherman's daughter, no better is she,
Why wilt thou disgrace thus our family?

Dear father, a fisherman do not degrade,
There's nothing exceedeth a fisherman's trade.
We read that old Simon a fisherman were,
And likewise St. Peter, as I do declare.

And therefore a fisherman well understood,
Was never the meanest or basest of blood,
Tho' each of them wore not a rich royal robe
Yet were they monarchs and lords of the globe.

Sweet Sarah I love, and she must be my bride,
Tho' you will not give me a farthing beside
Since she's my jewel and my delight,
I'm ruin'd, dear father, if out of her sight.

PART III.

NOW, said the knight, I have thought of a way
To send for my son without longer delay,
I'll send him a voyage, and in my troth,
As soon as there's gone I'll baffle them both.

You must trip to Holland, dear son, said he,
To fetch some riches there's owing to me.
And I will take care of Sarah thy love,
Since it is ordain'd by the powers above.

For to be your fortune, I'll grant consent,
He thanked his father, then straight went
Over to Holland, thinking no harm,
But the ship was wreckt in a terrible storm.

Yet thro' great providence he got releas'd.
We'll leave him in sorrow, and show in brief

How beautiful Sarah, his hearts delight
What sorrow she suffer'd that same night.
And how it was acted to you I'll declare,
His father call'd to him this damsel fair.

This evening thou must go a-walking with me.
Yes, honour'd sir, if you please, said she.
Then talking together, she thinking no harm,
They walked together, unto an old barn,

Which stood in a secret place in the park.
Then he most cruelly put her in a sack:
Unto the sea-side then straight he goes,
And into the tide this poor creature throws.

Your father's a fisherman, I do declare,
Let him go a fishing for his daughter fair.
I'll show how fortune did for her provide,
A ship that was sailing along with the tide,

The stars shining bright, the moon fair and clear,
They grabbled, and took up this damsel fair.
She came to herself, and her grief did deplore,
The storms did arise, and the billows did roar,

The sea was so violent, I understand,
Yet providence drove them to Holland.
In Rotterdam city she walked the street,
Where she the Squire chanced to meet.

Oh! tell me, said he, ye powers above,
Do these eyes deceive me, or is it my love;
She told him the story with weeping eyes,
O bless me, O bless me, the Squire cries.

We both in one night had a watery grave,
And both in one night did kind providence save.
He made a dispatch, and had her away,
The sea was calm, and the winds did obey.

He went to his father, and gave him to know,
The whole of their troubles, sorrow and woe.
He went to her father on that same night,
He call'd for his jewel and his delight.

To the city of London, he said, she was sent.
To learn education it was her intent.
No sooner she came there, but behold,
But she did grow impudent and most bold,

Now she is gone, child, I cannot tell where;
But I believe she is gone with a soldier.
The very next morning she was dress'd,
And brought to her father, where he did protest;

If you do not grant me to make me your heir,
Your villainous actions I soon will declare.
With that the knight fell a scratching his head,
My dear son and daughter, your pardon I beg.

You shall be my heir, and she shall be your bride,
Pray send for my father and mother, she cry'd.
The very next morning then marry'd they were,
In sumptuous apparel, and delicate cheer.

And she like an angel appear'd in sight,
Altho' but a fisherman's daughter so bright.
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